



Nestor, 25c.

# NESTOR

## THE CIGARETTE OF QUALITY

Manufactured of the highest standard Turkish Tobacco, selected by Nestor Giannacalis' own representative, and cured especially for the most exacting trade, and wrapped in pure rice paper. Only the most expert workmen employed in the factory.

NO ADULTERATIONS OF ANY KIND.

They come to us packed in hermetically sealed cans. These Cigarettes commend themselves to persons of refined taste in Tobacco essentials, bringing to the smoker a realization of his dreams of Continental fragrance. If your dealer can not supply you, notify

### Fitzpatrick Brothers,

HONOLULU, H. T.

Dealers in the best grades of Havana and Domestic Cigars and Tobacco. The largest stock of smokers' articles and den requisites are to be had here. Our patrons tell us a greater variety of good cigars and cigarettes may be found in this store than anywhere in the Territory. We make no claims, our customers claim it for us. Come in and be one of the thousands.



Royal Nestor, 15c

## What Next After Pole and Airship?

Will It Be the Missing Link, Artificial Diamond, Gold From Baser Metals, A Century Span of Life, Communication With the Planets or the Dead, Perpetual Motion, Rain-Making, the Super Man or Artificial Propagation of the Species?—The Progress of Science Toward All of These Goals, Any of Whose Winners Will Gain Immortality.

What next? Thus asks an amazed world scarcely yet aroused to a realization of the fact that the two problems which have most plagued the human mind for these centuries past—the problem of man-flight and that of polar exploration—have been solved. Now that these goals have been won, many others which man has striven for in vain loom up through a brighter sky, cleared of the mist in which yesterday they appeared as but hazy chimeras, cloudy visions of overzealous minds.

The conquest of the south pole is the great feat which, is the logical order of events, we shall expect next, and within this present year our young British cousin, Lieut. Shackleton, has made a new world record for the nearest approach to the very bottom of this old spinning top on which we whirl about. He returns from the opposite end of the sphere to receive upon his broad brow the laurels for having penetrated 100 miles farther than the previous record and within but 111 miles of the southernmost goal—as near as Hartford is to New York, and ninety-two miles nearer to his goal than Peary was to his when he made his last known "farthest north." Lieut. Shackleton, who served his apprenticeship under Capt. Scott in 1901, as Dr. Cook served his under Peary nearly a decade before, sailed August 7, 1907, from Torquay in the Nimrod, a forty-year sealer which pulled him out of New Zealand a year ago last New Year day. To save his coal he had a steamer tow him across the Arctic circle, and he bore with him a portable house, a team of Manchurian ponies to help his dogs with his Norway sledges; also an automobile with a chauffeur, which he used to lay his depots along the sea ice. And a year and nine days after his start from New Zealand—or on January 9 of the present year—he planted upon his "farthest south" a Union Jack that he had received from the Queen's own hands.

The finding of the "missing link," midway between man-like ape and ape-like man, is perhaps the next great feat which is to elevate the finder unto the topmost pinnacle of fame, there to share the same lofty pedestal with Harvey and Newton, Archimedes and Pythagoras. It was just fifty years ago that Darwin gave to the world his "Origin of the Species," and ever since then naturalists have sought this ape man, so badly needed to fill the gap in the chain of evolution stretching from the most infinitesimal protoplasmic form to the most enlightened specimen of the homo sapiens.

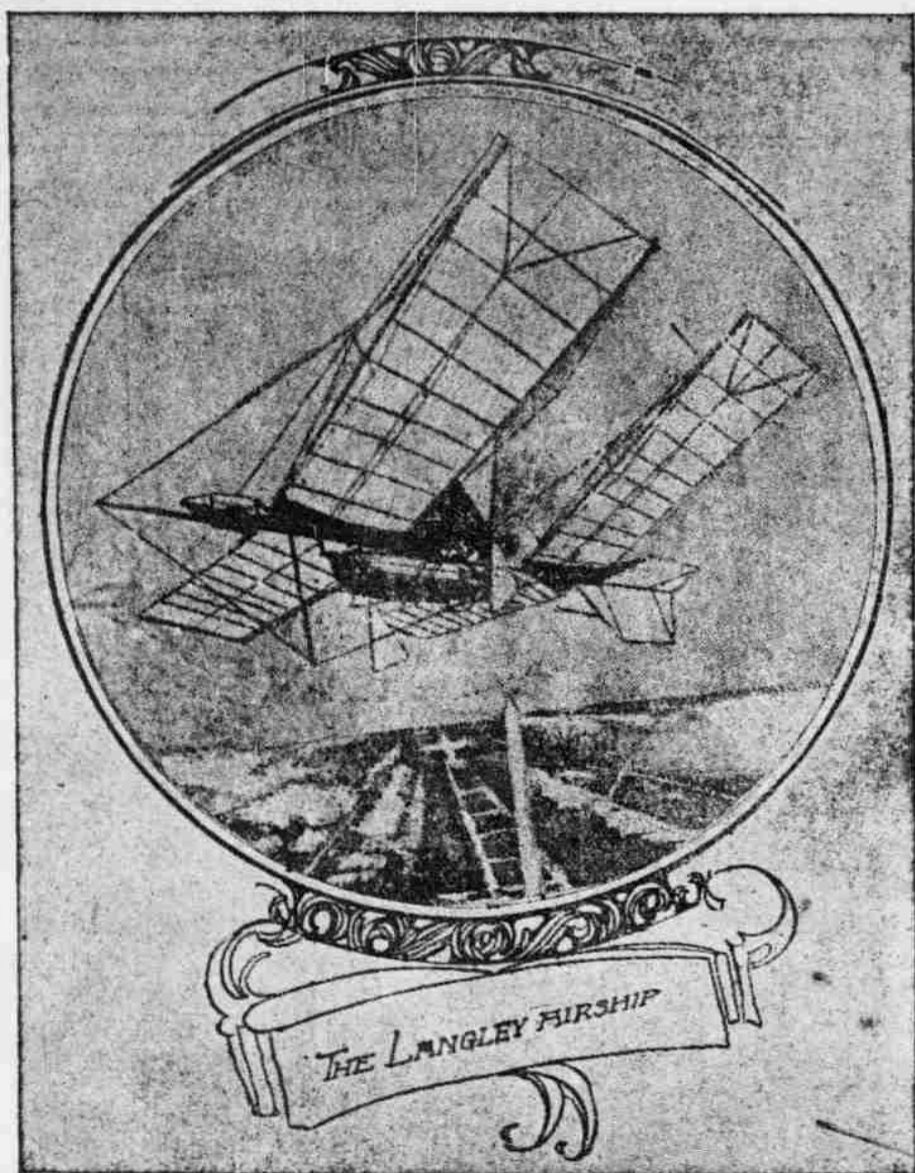
Only a half dozen years after the Darwinian theory had thus been launched to startle the world, the skull of the real missing link was believed to have been found in a cave in the Neander valley, near Düsseldorf. The creature to which this cranium had belonged was named "Neanderthal man," and even today naturalists are publishing portraits as restorations of the monster's head. Next, in 1871, there was discovered in Brax, Bohemia, another primitive skull believed to have belonged to the much-sought creature, but an ax found with it was declared to belong to a period too modern for that hideous creature. Then, in 1886, another such cranium was found in a cavern at Spy, Belgium, and for a time we heard of the "man of Spy," heralded by the world as the real missing link. More recently Doctor Eugene Dubois, a Dutch army surgeon and paleontologist, dug out of a river bank, near Trinil,

central Java, the upper skull and two thigh bones of an extinct creature which Dubois named "Pithecanthropus erectus," or erect ape man, and it represents a being nearer the naturalist's notions of the missing link than any of the other remains yet discovered. But since deformity occasionally produces very ape-like characteristics in modern skulls, nothing like universal satisfaction has yet been aroused among scientists by any of these finds, and man must still wait to see the bones of his grandsire.

The artificial diamond of commerce blazes with blue fire from above another goal toward which men of science are plodding onward through slough after slough of despond. A little while ago this prize was viewed by serious minds as a mere chimera, but now its lure has set afire the brains of profound savants and the world must not be surprised to hear any day of its perfection. As a matter of fact, artificial diamonds are already a reality, their chemical and physical properties being the same as mined stones, but as yet they are only

usually. Otherwise, he would knock the bottom out of the market and share the ill fortune of the handlers of mined stones. And perhaps he would keep his discovery hidden entirely, selling his product as natural gems, preferring fortune to fame.

The alchemist's dream of making gold from baser metals might seem but a little more visionary than this making of diamonds from common graphite. The alchemists, who were to the chemists what the astrologers were to the astronomers, held this feat as one of their two prime ambitions, the other being the discovery of the elixir of life. The Egyptians handed the vexed problem on to the Romans, whose emperor, the cruel Caligula, instituted serious experiments for the production of gold out of sulphuretted arsenic. Then the Arabs took up the puzzle and passed it on through Spain into the rest of Europe, and no less a light than Roger Bacon staved his brain over it. Even in our own generation it plagues men of investigative minds. In the last decade one American named Brice



microscopic "sparks," too minute for any practical or ornamental use. The mineralogist who first learns to make them large enough for mounting in jewelry will have the wealth of Croesus within his grasp. Moisson, a Parisian mineralogist, is toiling to enlarge his tiny artificial stones, which he manufactures by dissolving carbon in molten steel at enormous temperatures and then suddenly chilling the mass until it reveals the sparkling gems in more or less abundance. Russell of Germany obtains such sparks from ordinary hard steels produced under high temperature and cooled under great pressures, and another German method of yielding encouraging results is the stirring of molten olivin or chrysolite with a graphite rod. After the mass has cooled, and later dissolved, the residue is found to contain the minute gems. Recently I held in my hand a tiny glass phial containing 1,000 of such artificial diamonds as have been made to date. They looked merely like fine powder and phial. If he is shrewd, the genius who first learns to manufacture diamonds big enough for the trade will hold them in reserve and put them out but gradually.

came splashing into publicity by the announcement that he had fathomed the secret, and within the present century a Philadelphia alchemist with the same hobby leaped into the limelight crying "Eureka." But the modern world has only laughed at all such claims, despite the possibility that the genius who learned this secret of the ages might keep it hidden from his fellow-man and, like the possible diamond maker, prefer the greed of gain to the bubble of fame.

And upon the elixir of life which the alchemists sought in potable gold the modern chemists are still at work, promising the world at large a century span of life. For this purpose Roger Bacon quaffed many a dose of gold dissolved in nitrohydrochloric acid, and urged it upon the attention of Pope Nicholas IV. Prof. Elie Metchnikoff, now of the Pasteur Institute, Paris, claims to have found the real elixir of life in the lactic acid of certain ferments of milk drunk by the long-lived peasants of Bulgaria, and this he is pressing upon the world at large along with his theory that the large intestine—the human incubator for the bacteria of old age—be amputated.

ated. And many medical men are taking this savant seriously. Indeed, he is in the forefront of the phalanx of scientists who are fighting the sable-cloaked and grim-visaged visitor who comes to us last of all.

Quite as zealous are those men of science who are now reaching farther and farther outward into the vastness of interplanetary space to snatch from the heavens the answer to the much-mooted question: Are there not in all of this heavenly space other intelligent creatures into whom nature has breathed the breath of life? Our wealthy astronomer, Prof. Percival Lowell, from his observatory high on a mesa top at Flagstaff, Ariz., claims to have seen through the transparent air above him irrigation systems on Mars that must have been laid out by highly enlightened beings, and his brother savant, Prof. David Todd of Amherst, now proposes to mount our atmosphere in a balloon to a place above the disturbing currents of air wherefrom he can get a more favorable view of Mars than has yet been afforded man. At the same time hundreds of thousands of dollars have been given by a Los Angeles millionaire for the building of a giant telescope, with a reflector 100 inches in diameter, that would bring the Capitol into view upon the moon. Solemn astronomers, the world over, who deny the existence of a scintilla of evidence supporting the belief that intelligent creatures exist in other worlds, and who refuse to dignify the hypothesis by discussing it, nevertheless ponder over it of nights while restlessly tossing upon their pillows. But while science lends a half-serious ear to the proposition that inhabitants of other planets may some day be discovered the sneer lines flanking its inquisitive nose deepen at the mention of signaling to these creatures and making them understand any code arbitrarily devised by man.

Nor shall we overlook perpetual motionists, still risking reputation and reason in search of an engine which, without any supply of power from without, can maintain its own motion as long as its materials last. That certain men are as skeptical of De La Hire's proof of the mechanical impossibility of this proposition made as early as 1678, as they were when the Marquis of Worcester and the Council Orifreus succeeded in deceiving many others besides themselves with alleged devices of the kind, will become apparent to anyone who will but interview the patent office examiners in charge of the class of inventions to which such schemes naturally drift; and it is somewhat of a joke on Uncle Sam himself that in the old days he once granted a patent for perpetual motion hidden in the mazes of a spiral railway, whose car, like Topsy's brook, was to go on forever, independent of power outside the mechanism. These perpetual motionists are almost all laboring under the impression that they are but reviving a lost art. And it is as sure as death itself that it is a mechanical impossibility. Yesterday we were revering the law that matter was composed of indestructible atoms. Today we are being told that it is built only of perishable electrons!

There has been a lull in the activities of the rain makers, but doubtless this is but a calm before another storm. Twenty years ago Gen. Dyrenforth was shattering the window panes and terrifying the cattle about Washington by exploding balloons high in the air, while learned meteorologists watched their barometers planted in the green meadows safe below this celestial bombardment. But the heavens refused to weep upon the general's tall hat. More lately the weather makers have turned their energies to the diffusion of fog in vineyards and the prevention of frost in other agricultural areas, by exploding bombs and distributing smoke—all with greater promise of success. But who can predict that the rain maker will not effect another entrance upon the stage of national endeavor and make the welkin pop until the floodgates of the celestial deep have been unloosed to make desert wastes blossom and bloom and bring forth good fruit?

Mayhap before the realization of any of these ambitions thus far mentioned, science will have seen materialized another of its long-fostered hopes—that of producing the superman. Since the ancient Spartans commenced this ex-

periment by killing off weaklings by out-Muldooning Muldoon in the rigors of their gymnastics and by surpassing Stanley Hall in their crusade against the "effeminization of boys," various individuals have taken up the problem. Frederick the Great—seeing only the physical side of the problem—scoured Europe for men of gigantic stature and after kidnapping them enlisted them in his Potsdam Guard and kept them in peonage as breeders of future generations of herculean warriors. And eight years ago under a provision of the will of the eccentric Count de Pierrecourt of Rouen, France, that city commenced the building of a hundred-and-sixty-thousand-dollar institute for the propagation of giants, a score or more of such couples to be housed therein and their progeny to be under the observation of anthropologists.

Previously—some sixty years ago—in our own country, John Humphrey Noyes had scandalized the good people of New York by establishing in that State a human stock farm, known as the Oneida community, where all couples who entered threw off their nuptial ties and succumbed to Noyes' selection of them as parents for a superior race of children, later taken from the parental hearth and cared for in the community nursery. And now we have a wealthy Russian, M. Raschatsnikow of Perm, engaged in such experiments—under the protection of the marriage bond, however. From among his many peasants he selects those ranking highest in beauty and physique and marries them off. Thus he has formed a colony destined as forbears of a superior race. And that interest in such enterprises is returning to America is evidenced by the fact that the American Breeders' Association has lately appointed a "committee on eugenics," which is "to suggest methods of improving the heredity of the family, the people or the race."

More daring still is the ambition of another school of naturalists—to artificially propagate life, and not merely to improve it. Already the pioneers in this branch of experimentation claim to be able to fertilize eggs of such species as the sea urchin by purely artificial chemical solutions and entirely independent of the male species. America so far claims the honors in this great work, whose foremost exponent is Prof. Jacques Loeb of the University of California. The research is being extended to higher forms, while every husband, brother and son of us must await results in fear and trembling lest in our own time the dire day arrive when the suffragettes may realize their ambition to entirely exterminate the bothersome sterner sex and leave a race of Amazons to populate and rule the world without the help or hindrance of mere man.

Then there are those who are now harder at work than ever upon the problem that is older than all of these—that of communicating with the spirits of the dead, a problem whose final and favorable solution will rob the black angel of his terrors, will give a balm of content to millions of restless skeptics, will turn the faces of the entire world upward toward the known goal. Such master British minds as William T. Stead, Sir Oliver Lodge and Sir William Crookes declare that they have already solved this problem of problems, and such authorities as Prof. William James of Harvard and Prof. James H. Hyslop of Columbia give like testimony. They are all certain that they have communicated over the earth-to-heaven wireless, and Prof. Hyslop has devised an instrument for use in this long-distance circuit—an instrument which he allowed me to photograph while he himself rested his head in it after the manner of his trance mediums, who use it while acting as his transmitters and receivers of messages between our material plane and the shadowy realm that lies over and beyond.

Such are the deep problems that vex a restless and ambitious world. Such are the indefatigable geniuses who are plodding onward toward their solution through black nights of discouragement against the piercing chill of ridicule, as arctic pioneers plodded onward and onward to the tip top of the earth, without faltering or turning back. The world laughs at these plodders today while they strive. Tomorrow it will hail with loud acclaim him among them who succeeds at any of these tasks and make him its hero. The great discoverer of today is the visionary crank of yesterday.

What next? The south pole, the missing link, artificial diamonds for commerce, gold from baser metals, the elixir of life, communication with the Martians, perpetual motion, artificial rain, the superman, artificial propagation of the species or the spirit wireless. What next, indeed?

JOHN ELFRETH WATKINS.



## THE "CHANTILLY"

is by far the most popular pattern of silver flatware ever manufactured. It's made by Gorham, of medium weight, and sold at less than medium prices. The design is beautiful, though simple, and the finish is the stylish French gray.

We are sole agents for the Chantilly pattern, and we sell it at New York prices.

We carry a complete stock from the smallest spoon to large chests holding a hundred or more pieces.

**H. F. Wichman & Co.**  
—LIMITED—  
LEADING JEWELERS.

## We Speak:

FRENCH,  
GERMAN,  
ENGLISH,  
DANISH,  
CHINESE,  
JAPANESE, and  
HAWAIIAN.

And best of all, we understand the drug business from start to finish.



**Hollister  
Drug  
Company**

Send Your Suit

TO THE  
EAGLE DYEING AND  
CLEANING WORKS  
TEL. 575, FORT STREET.

THE ALAMEDA  
BROUGHT US

**New Prints and Mouldings**

The patterns are exquisite

THE ARTS AND  
CRAFTS SHOP